

admired as his brother Cæsar; but then Pompey was a useful dog, while Cæsar was good for nothing. The latter was a noted thief, while the former would not, on any account, touch any thing but what was given him.

“The gentleman having occasion to examine his estates, set out, and took Cæsar with him, who, on his arrival at the place of his birth, looked upon his brother Pompey with the utmost contempt, because he did not look so fine and courtly as himself; but Pompey soon made him ashamed of himself.

“The gentleman being obliged to go through a wood, a furious wolf came running towards him, with his hair bristling up, his eyes sparkling, and making a horrid snarl, that filled the gentleman with terror. In this critical situation, Cæsar hung his tail between his legs, and sneaked off; but Pompey most courageously flew at the wolf, as you see in

the picture at the head of this chapter, after a long and terrible contest, laid him dead upon the spot. The gentleman was now convinced, that nothing was more deceitful than appearances, and that those who make the greatest figure are often guilty of the meanest actions.

“The scene was now changed, Pompey got into great honour, and Cæsar into disgrace. The gentleman valued this faithful dog, who had served so valiantly, and took him home to his house, leaving Cæsar behind him, and telling the farmer, that he might buy him for a rogue, if he pleased.

“Pompey was highly delighted with his new situation, for he was fed with the best of every thing, and had nothing to do but now and then take an airing with his master. He soon grew fat and plump, and began to be admired for his haughtiness; but then he grew lazy, thimble-rigged, and cowardly.